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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1394.

LEDRU-ROLLIN.

M. Ledru-Rollin, the Minister of the Interior of the present French Provisional Government, is in his forty-seventh year. He is a tall and powerful man, with large head, florid complexion, and full and expressive eyes. He is an advocate, and has made himself known by his lively participation in the interests of the Irish nation, to whom he paid a visit some time back, as an emissary of French sympathisers with the repeal agitation. We believe he is married to an Irish lady. He was elected for Mans, vice the late M. Garnier Pages. His speech to the electors subjected him to a prosecution on the part of government, and the trial produced a great sensation. M. Rollin represents the ultra-radical interest, and has often attacked not only M. Guizot, but also the policy of such men as Thiers and Odillon Barrot. He sits on the extreme Left, and has defended at the tribune, with vigor and talent, the opinions advocated by *La Reforme* newspaper.

Revised Poems.

SPIRIT LONGINGS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Looking over a collection of Grace Greenwood's poetry the other day, we found a number of poems which we had never met with in the course of our periodical reading. To our request to take copies for publication in the *Post*, Grace kindly consented—at the same time expressing her willingness to revise the poems for our columns. We accordingly open the series with the following fine poem:]

I look upon life's glorious things,
The deathless themes of song,
The grand, the proud, the beautiful,
The wild, the free, the strong,
And wish that I might take a part
Of what to them belong.

Hurrah, the fearless Ship goes forth,
Where ocean billows sweep!
Proud as a steed, swift as a bird,
She dashes through the deep!
Her drapery of snowy sail,
Around her stately form—
Majestic Juno in the calm,
Bellona in the storm!

Thus may I, on the sea of life,
Launch forth all strong and brave—
Wait through the lonely, tedious calm,
And breast the stormy wave.

Bold Eagle, gazer on the sun—
Child of the upper air!
In low, unworthy strifes and sports,
He deigneth not to share:
Behold him on a mountain-land,
When storm-clouds roll on high,
Upon the gathering tempest look,
With calm, uncowering eye!
Loud thunders peal and crash around—
He knoweth no affright,
But spreads his wing upon the blast,
And speeds his upward flight!
Red lightnings blaze along his path,
And play around his form—
He joys, he glories, he exults,
In striving with the storm!

Thus may my nature bear through life,
Whatever may betide,
A scorn of all things low and mean,
A stern and lofty pride;—
Thus may a dauntless, daring strength
Be given unto my soul,—
Thus, thus through tempests may it sweep
On, upward to its goal!

The bright, the beautiful, the glad,
The swift and silvery River!
Dim woods, dark rocks along it frown,
But it laugheth on forever!

Thus may my heart, a joyous thing,
Go laughing o'er the earth,
And nothing sadden, nothing awe,
Its careless, child-like mirth.

The blue, the broad, the deep, the strong,
The wild, unfettered Sea!
Methinks he might have taught the world
That God had made it free.
He lies at rest—upon his breast
The stars are mirrored bright—

Original Sketch.

TWO LEAVES FROM A MERRY RECORD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HELEN IRVING.

It is delightful to meet once in a while, in this world of proprieties and "proper people"—amid the fashionable suppressing of all the heart's impulses, the subduing of all its caprices—one of those independent, fun-loving beings, who, joying in the consciousness of capabilities for laughter, as well as love, dare, spite of mammas and maiden aunts, to walk according to the dictates of their own mischievous hearts, having in no wise the fear of "Mrs. Grundy" before their eyes.

Such a one is my merry cousin, Mag Maitland—always having her own will—always making herself and everybody else happy, in her own way—always doing the sauciest things in the world with impunity. A laugh, and, "it's just like our Mag," or at most, an *attempt* at a "lecture," being generally all she has met, from the time when at school it was her delight slyly to tie together across the desks, the long Kenwigsian braids of two studious, unconscious damsels, until the present, when she is a gay debutante of seventeen in the halls of fashion, only saved from being a flirt, by her warm and generous heart.

And Mag is so pretty—but 'tis needless to say that, for who would be foolish enough to imagine that she could fearlessly play the thousand and one fantastic tricks that she does, if she had not the reddest and most beautiful lips to pout, and the plumpest, whitest shoulders to shrug, when in a pet at being "scolded"—or the darkest, softest eyes, to plead so archly and demurely for forgiveness. To be sure she is—beautiful; else she could never be the "saucy madcap" that she is. The world accords all things to beauty—power and dominion, indulgence to its wishes, submission to its caprices—and then smiles at its coquettish independence of its opinion. Everybody admires Mag—everybody loves her—everybody laughs at her sayings and doings—and yet—if *I* should attempt the same things!

Mag and I always spend at least a part of every summer together—her home is in one of the gayest and warmest of cities, and she comes to us every year at Irving-Place to breathe the fresh air, and borrow a tint from our roses for her cheeks. Oh! what rare times we have had! and yet, I have not a bit of her dashing, daring spirit about me. It may be for this very reason that I love it so in her, and take such inward delight in its exhibition. I say *inward*, because I seldom dare let her perceive the satisfaction her mad pranks afford me, for love gives me much influence with her warm impulsive nature, and I oftener feel called upon to act as Mentor than to assist in merry-making. However, these advice-givings are almost over, for once, having persuaded her out of an errant piece of mischief, she after awhile repented her of her goodness, and attributing all to me, dubbed me thence forward,

[...]

that Mag Maitland listened to the suit of a fool!"

I do not know whether the event of the preceding night had anything to do with it, but the next day Lieutenant J. Williams Dudley called to make his adieux—he had received sudden orders to join his regiment.

I earnestly hope he may find some dark-eyed daughter of the Montezumas, more kind than my merry Cousin Mag. *She* is still heart free, and if I may judge from her letters, as dashing and daring as ever. I may tell you more of her some day.

Pictures of Life.

MY FIRST PARLOR. A SKETCH.

BY M. A. DENISON.

"Yes, and we're to have a beautiful little parlor, grand-mother. Arthur has ordered an elegant sofa, a superb pier glass, a rose-wood centre table, lovely chairs to match, and a carpet of such a pretty style of pattern, I know you will like it, 'tis so neat."

"And why is it, grand-mother," continued the volatile girl, as she glanced around the large old-fashioned room, "why is it that you have never had a parlor? I'm sure you can afford it well enough. I asked grand-pa, yesterday, and he looked sad for a moment, as he replied, 'go to your grand-mother, Anna, and she will tell you!' I'm sure I forgot it until this very moment, and now we are alone together, you must give me your reasons."

The speaker was an elegant young woman, of eighteen summers, seated at the feet of a grave and dignified elderly lady, whose fair, smooth brow, and dark hair, spoke still of youth, lingering with age, like the fresh, green ivy clinging to the decayed and tottering wall.

"Dear Anna," she replied, in subdued tones,—"you have often heard me speak of my little Willie, my first, my only son; yet I have never

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twilight was gathering them together, as Anna finished the little sketch which her grand-mother had furnished her. Tears stood in her eyes as she arose and murmured. "I almost wish we were not to have a parlor." "Say, rather," exclaimed a manly voice, "that you will never allow vanity to take the place of affection in your heart, even for a moment." The young girl turned and beheld her lover, who had been standing near, unknown to her. "I have heard all you have been reading, from your grand-father: but come, the night air is damp; let us go into the house, dear Anne; but before we depart, let us promise each other, that we will always be careful, in thought, word, and deed; then we may look back with delight, instead of regret, upon our *first parlor*."—*Boston Traveller*.

Original Poetry.

SONNET TO J. E. H.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Still lives the day in Memory's sunniest nook,
When first we met—when thou wert still a child,
And I but little more. It was a mild
October afternoon,—we came to look
Upon the rainbow hues a prism could bring,
All fairy-like, from pallid colorless light,
And on the antic forms which met our sight
In the *camera's* wondrous picturing.
Did not those scenes the Future shadow forth?—
Our common life wears glory not its own
Seen through the prism of Love,—all fair it seems,
And like Heaven's azure, thick with star-gems sown.
But oft the Real doth make our happy dreams,
But *dreams*,—no more than mocking shadows worth.

R. T. Y.

AVALANCHES.

It is an extraordinary thing that the difficulty of the person beneath the avalanche making himself heard, while he can readily hear the very words pronounced by those above, is universal. "It is a most painful circumstance," says the author, "at-

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Selected Poetry.

TO MARY.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

My love for thee is like the light
That falls upon a summer night,
So pure and deep and passing bright
It shines upon my heart, Mary.
It takes a part from everything
Of joy and beauty, like the spring,
That feeds upon the flowers that cling
To it, as I to thee, Mary.

Thy image has become the star
Seen through the mists of life afar;
As music 'mid the sunless jar
Has ever been thy voice, Mary.
A blissful spot in Memory's dream,
Like rays of sunshine on the stream,
To guide me with its richest gleam
To happiness and hope, Mary.

It makes a cadence in the song—
A smile amid the happy throng;
A gushing joy so full and strong
Beats ever with my pulse, Mary.
The secret tone goes murmuring by,
As winds into a summer sky,
Or harp tones when at eve they die
Upon the listener's ear, Mary.

I look upon thy memory
As stars upon the silent sea,
And watch so calm and tremblingly
The tides of thy pure heart, Mary.
And as upon the sea-girt shore
Waves wash and waste forevermore,
So sets within my soul's deep core
The stream of love for thee, Mary.

Thou gav'st to life a deeper flush,
And waken'd to a wider gush
Hopes that had died upon the blush
Without thy smiles of spring, Mary.
And though it may be idle all,
As spreading flowers upon the pall,
Still shall thy name be magical
When linked with love and thee, Mary.

For Parents.

CHILDHOOD AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

[...]

DUPONT (DE L'EURE.)

The President of the Council, in the French Provisional Government, is M. Dupont (de l'Eure,) Deputy for Evreux, now in his eighty-first year. In the year VIII., he was a member of the Council of Five Hundred; in 1813, he was President of the Corps Legislatif; and, in 1815, he proposed the famous declaration in which the rights of citizens were preserved. He was appointed Minister of Justice in 1830. At the elections of 1842, M. Dupont, indignant at seeing the Deputies of the Eure servilely voting in favor of the execrated Guizot Ministry, contested four colleges of that department simultaneously; he was elected in all four, and chose Evreux. M. Dupont invariably voted against the corrupt and dishonest Administration which has fallen with the King, its protector. His appointment probably derives its chief significancy from its being a species of personal protest against Marshal Bugeaud.

childhood the mind of a man, it retains in manhood the heart of a child. Every genius is a child, and every child is a genius, morally, if not intellectually, or there is little to be hoped from him. But it is your wise, prudent, hard, sedate children who are really precocious, born with a kind of spurious native experience of their own, who naturally antedate that caution and cunning which others so painfully acquire; keeping out of scrapes and disappointments, because they have none of that love and trust which lead *other* children in. This is the precocity parents should be afraid *of*. They will have a child who will save them a world of present trouble, who will commit no blunders, and break no bounds, save his pocket money, and spare his clothes, spy out all his brothers' and sisters' faults, and report all the servants' peccadilloes, and be probably held up in the family as a standard of circumspection and prudence, or, what is falsely called up to a certain age in juvenile life, of "goodness;" but let them not rejoice; they will have a son who will desert his father if he be unfortunate, grind his mother if she be a widow, bear a smooth character to the world, but a hard heart to his own; turn against his parents in their old age, the very character they falsely bestowed in

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how little either could weigh in the balance with its own deep repose.

There is no model like a lovely baby for true queenly dignity—the wide open gaze, the hands' slow movement, the proud drawing up if the usual etiquette be transgressed—reminding us of the beautiful lines in the *Lyra Innocentium*:

Why so stately, maiden fair,
Rising in thy nurse's arms,
With that condescending air,
Gathering up thy queenly charms?

the round, portly form, moving slowly to and fro, imbedded in lawn and fine linen. And then, when a few months older, the truly royal impatience of opposition, the autocratic air with which spoon and rattle are dashed down, the haughty stare if some monitory voice exclaim, "baby! baby!" and then the celestial smile, as if to forgive you for having been angry with her.

We have dubbed the baby feminine. Babyhood seems so, with its beauty, its softness, its helplessness, and its waywardness—ladylike in each of its attributes. But look now at that little swaggering urchin, with scarcely more that two of our short years over its head, and it is a boy all over. The

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We often receive letters, asking whether we will purchase tales, &c. One answer will do for the whole of these letters. We are always ready to examine manuscripts; if they suit us, we are willing to give an equivalent for them. We do not hold ourselves bound to return articles we reject. All manuscripts must be written in a good, plain hand; and be made as free from errors of all kinds, by the authors, as possible. We have no time to correct articles.

DECLINED. Whether inspiration is getting scarce, or our critical judgment more severe, we know not, but we are compelled to decline an unusually large proportion of contributions this week. The following articles are sorrowfully and most respectfully declined:—"The Early Dead." Articles by "Evelyn," "Stanzas, to Miss ——, of Harrisburg." "Our Little Son," and "France is Free."

B. T. C. We do not feel quite inclined to enter into the proposed arrangement at present.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in arrears to the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co., will see the propriety of sending on the various amounts due, as soon as possible, in order that we may close our old accounts. As our new movements to enlarge and beautify the Post will subject us to a large additional weekly expense, we shall be under the necessity of being more strict than heretofore in relation to punctual payments. We trust our subscribers will not be offended at this, and that those whose names we are *compelled* to drop from our list, will not find fault with us for so doing, but will continue to cherish the *old friendly* feeling towards the Post and its proprietors.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

OUR PREMIUM.

We are afraid that our subscribers generally are not bearing in mind our premium offer (made in our Prospectus) to the Post Office sending us the largest number of subscribers. Nothing can be lost by endeavoring to win the premium, while whatever office succeeds will have its papers next year for nothing.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

The news brought by the two last steamships, is generally of the most gratifying character. The liberty ball is still rolling on. The Emperor of Austria, warned by the fate of Louis Philippe, dismissed his obnoxious minister in time. In Prussia, too, the King has been compelled to grant concessions to the people—there, too, a change of ministers has taken place. The people also insisted upon the establishment of a Burgher's Guard—they demanded to have arms placed in their hands, (to resist the soldiery, if need be,) and the King was forced to grant their request. Pardon to all who have been accused of or condemned for political offences, perpetrated through the press, has been proclaimed. Certain Polish prisoners, we note, have also been liberated, and paraded through Berlin amid great rejoicings—the King coming out to see the sight. Pretty good *as a beginning* for Austria and Prussia.

The King of Bavaria has abdicated. The people had lost faith in him, and compelled him to resign. Probably he did it the more willingly as he was inconsolable for his banished mistress. Doubtless he will now join his beloved Lola Montes. We have enough faith in Lola, to believe that she will

FOREIGN NEWS.

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

REVOLUTION IN VIENNA.

ALL QUIET IN FRANCE.

Metternich Compelled to Fly—Outbreak in Berlin—Bank of France Suspended Specie Payments—Outbreak Expected in Ireland—Birth of an English Princess, &c.

The steamship Washington arrived at New York on Friday afternoon, the 7th, bringing nine days later news. The advices are from Bremen to March 17th, from Paris to March 20th, from London to March 21st, from Liverpool to March 20th, from Dublin to March 20th, from Edinburg to March 18th, and from Italy to March 11th.

St. Patrick's Day passed off in Ireland without any of that serious disturbance which was feared.

A monster meeting was to be held in Dublin on the 20th, but no report from it was received at the sailing of the Washington. The Lord Mayor refused to call it, and Smith O'Brien had done it on his own authority.

The British Government was making all preparations to suppress revolt as soon as it should appear. Steamers were being armed, and soldiers sent to Ireland.

The riots in England and Scotland had abated, and those countries were quiet.

In France, all was quiet. The Provisional Government was organizing a large force.

A revolution had broken out in Vienna, but only twenty lives were lost. The Emperor granted every thing which the people demanded, and the conclusion of it was that he was carried through the streets, in procession, on his throne.

A change of Ministry has taken place at Munich. The insurrection at Wurtemburg is spreading.

It is rumored that the Emperor of Russia is dead.

A legion of Polish Refugees has been organized at Paris.

The Bank of France has suspended. Local banks had been established, but failed to relieve the pressure. A great number of heavy failures had taken place. The measure just adopted by the Provisional Government authorizes the Bank of France to suspend its specie payments, and to issue £100 bank notes to be considered a legal tender, and is calculated to produce good effects. No doubt whatever is entertained of the Bank of France being perfectly competent to meet all engagements in the ordinary course of events.

France had been generally recognized by the European Governments.

The Provisional Government has issued a proclamation in regard to elections. It promises peace, quiet and good government.

The King of Prussia has called a meeting of the Confederation to consider French affairs, &c.

A "peasant war" has broken out and is spreading over Prussia.

The cotton market has slightly improved since the last advices.

The corn market has also improved.

The greatest tranquility reigns in Paris, and in all the departments of France. The mechanics have resumed work, and every one seems to have forgotten that a revolution had taken place.

The National Guard has increased to an effective force of 190,299 men. On the 1st of February it numbered only 56,751.

Queen Victoria was safely delivered of a Princess on March 18th. A few minutes after the birth, the Royal infant was shown to the Ministers and great officers of the State and household, in the ante-room, when the usual formalities and ceremonies on the birth of a Prince and Princess were

to others the independence of suffrage which you wish for yourselves. Do not notice what names those whom you believe to be your enemies write upon the bulletins, and be sure beforehand that they will write the only name that can save them; that is to say, that of a capable and honest Republican. Security, liberty, respect for the consciences of all citizens who are electors: that is the intention of a Republican Government; that is its duty, that is yours! That is the safety of the people! Have confidence in the good sense of the country. It will have confidence in you. Give it liberty, and it will give you back the Republic.

Citizens! France is attempting, at this moment—in the midst of some financial difficulties, bequeathed to her by royalty—but, under Providential auspices, the greatest work of modern times, the foundation of the Government of the entire people—the organization of the Democracy—the Republic of all rights, of all interests, of all the intelligences, and of all the virtues! Circumstances are propitious. Peace is possible. The new idea may be able to take its place in Europe, without any perturbation but that of the prejudices which people have against it. There is no anger in the minds of the people. If the fugitive royalty has not carried away with it all the enemies of the Republic, it has left them powerless; and although they are invested with all the rights which the Republic guarantees to minorities, their interest and their prudence insure to us that they will not themselves trouble the peaceable foundation of the popular constitution.

In three days that work which it was thought was postponed to distant times, had been accomplished without a drop of blood being spilt in France, without any other cry but that of admiration being heard in our departments or on our frontiers. Let us not lose this unique occasion in history. Let us not abdicate the greatest force of the new idea—the security which it inspires in citizens, the astonishment which it inspires in the world.

Yet a few days of magnanimity, of devotion, of patience, and the National Assembly will receive from our hands the new-born Republic. From that day all will be saved. When the nation, by the hands of its representatives, shall have seized the Republic, the Republic will be strong and great, like the nation; holy, like the idea of the people; imperishable, like the country. (*patrie.*)

The Members of the Provisional Government:—

DUPONT (DE L'EURE,) LAMARTINE, MARRAST, GARNIER PAGES, ALBERT, MARIE, LEDRU ROLLIN, FLOCON, CREMIEUX, LOUIS BLANC, ARAGO.

The Secretary-General—PAGNERRE.

PARIS, March 18.

Yesterday morning at an early hour, immense numbers of the workmen of Paris of the different

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Chicago, Ill., Chicago, is our general travelling agent for the West-ern States, and is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Home Journal, Financial Times, Saturday Evening Post, and Spirit of the Times.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 189 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa., is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-western States, and is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Home Journal, Financial Times, Saturday Evening Post, and Spirit of the Times.

Mr. WILLIAM M. SWAIN, No. 5 James street, Boston, Mass., is our general travelling agent for Boston and Vicinity.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for Canada.

WILLIAM A. PINKUS is our Agent for Texas.

JAS. PIERCE, jr., is New Jersey.

CHAS. S. HOWLET will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER C. FLINT, 25 Ann st., New York is our Agent.

JUNIUS WHITE, New York and Camden.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of HEBBERD & Co., No. 3 Exchange Place, Boston.

The Proprietors of the Post will be required once in three months to publish a list of the names of their Travelling Agents.

The following Gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Post, and to receipt for the same:

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O. W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore, Md.
WILLIAM D. PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned places.

WM. H. GRAHAM, is our AGENT, in the City of New York.

LATEST NEWS!

PROSPECT OF PEACE.

M. Frossard, Correspondent of the Journal des Debats Delhi, late bearer of the Treaty from the Court of Queretaro, and Aurag in the Government, writes from the City of Mexico, that not a doubt is expressed among the Mexicans in regard to the ratification of the Treaty. He is of opinion that the vote in favor of it will be a very strong one. He says, however, that *"all the Treaty contains is some last from the United States amended, there is nothing of importance in the original draft of the Treaty which has been altered."* Should this be the case, we know what to expect: debate and delay, but final ratification.

FROM MEXICO.

A letter from Vera Cruz, dated March 6th, from a private in the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment, says, that companies A, D, F, H, K, and J, had come down with the Wing, and that the 2d Regiment had passes as far as Angel, under Major Bowman, Col. Wynkoop having remained at Jalapa with the rest of the Regiment.

A telegraphic communication a week or so ago, gave the rumor of a battle at El Paso, between eight hundred Americans, under Colonel Bulle, and four thousand Mexicans, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of eighty men. The Mexican Argus, recently received, says there is no confirmation of the news.

The Louisville Courier-No. 1 Appeal, of the 21st, states that a letter had been received there from Indianapolis, announcing the arrival of an express from Santa Fe, with the news of the defeat of Col. Bulle with a loss of eighty men.

FROM YUCATAN.

Dates from Campeachy to the 10th ultimo, have been received. The whole Spanish race in Yucatan is determined on exterminating the Indians, who are carrying fire and sword into the latter.

The terms of Archbishop and Lamadrid were declared against the sanction of the Mexican Congress on the early part of March, when the latter, forsaking all hope of being able to carry those plans, retired to Merida, the Capital, which, having two powerful parties there, will have extraordinary excitement.

Alliances of Merida, numbering thirty or forty thousand, held a meeting on the 10th, and declared Campeachy, praying him not to evacuate Isolem.

Com. Perry left. Calmon on the 10th ult., and sailed for Vera Cruz on the 11th.

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

Boston, April, 1848.

GENTLEMAN OF THE POST—Since my last epistle to you, we have had a succession of fine weather, sleighing, moderate, events. Mr. Webster has spoken in the State House hall, the Carolina has gone in search of the "right" to carry the Queen King had been rescued from his thraldom. His Majesty, Frederick Augustus, is probably a dozen grieving a political offence and stands, consequently, in the late laws which regulated the Kingdom of Saxony. Prince John, the king's brother, is deputy, to become one of the

Germany relieves Europe ment of a general war. Thereby superior conduct to neighboring a place of fear, and though his indeed institutions, can no doubt preserving the tranquillity of is more likely to endure for more

ceived from the manufacturing ing portion of the community. ments has again become dull. efinite prospect of improvement ufacturers are anxiously looking ring season. The present stock ers, notwithstanding, is effec- ear. The short time system o- ll, it is intended to lessen the dress continue without empty

LORRAINE—FLIGHTING IN M- ING VERMEY—ASSOCIATION of ing electric telegraphs between people of Lombardy, having re- ing the Austrians, and the Pied- ting was going on between the- military, when the accounts left- ed to the "Risorgimento" of the ing Government, and entitled with the announcement that ed to be "Constitutional" in- ter appear to grant a Constitution. the announcement and spent rejoicings. All the Italian ans, and at the departure of the ing on between the troops

announce the abdication of the There had been a fatal insur- students and tradesmen joined the

The financial measures of M ere, it was said, generally approved- ter than his last decree, creating ed to the amount of 80 millions ing the receipts to be re- specified value of the deposits-

the Provisional Government- ed to 45 francs and pay for- rent, unless

ers are suspended.

ional clubs have been formed in cause of liberty throughout the

the Bank of Discount commence- on Monday already one hundred ers opened, and there are eight ers. The whole region will be ex- ds to about a million francs mon- on Tuesday about 1,500,000. The render great service to the com- ially exercised some influence ed tendency. The Bourse was- 7,000 lbs. Not so much massive nautical instru- ments are not of every day use, much less so, the agents would have to pay for the storage account for the storage deposit made in the ha- ven. Sometimes a ship is wrecked, and the accident of its being placed and left in the ends. The environs of Paris have been visited by two or three flying Dutchmen and bloody Poets moral maxims had got out their pens to found prize rules upon the subject, but the Academy of Moral Sciences cannot rest in the *Hartford Times*, and thus contributes to the literature being found in Robinson Crusoe.

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I have always considered it very annoying to live in unlimited towns, and consequently, it must be pleasant to live in a town that is finished—as Boston was a few years ago, up through your factories and North Western Railroad. Mr. Lowell, F. Wilson, Mr. Appleton, Mr. Boott, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Worcester, Mr. Lawrence and Brother, Messrs. Hamilton, Messrs. Tyler, Davis & Co., have given to our general traveling agent for Andover and Tewksbury.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Traveling Agent for Canada.

WILLIAM A. PINKUS is our Agent for Texas.

JAS. PIERCE, jr., is New Jersey.

CHAS. S. HOWLET will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER C. FLINT, 25 Ann st., New York is our Agent.

JUNIUS WHITE, New York and Camden.

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The Proprietors of the Post will be required once in three months to publish a list of the names of their Travelling Agents.

The following Gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Post, and to receipt for the same:

WILLIAM MONUMENT, Mobile, Alabama.
JOHN DELANEY, Quincy, Illinois.
GURDY W. SHORLE, Louisville, Ky.
OLIVER E. HUSSEY, Cincinnati, Ohio.
O. W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore, Md.
WILLIAM D. PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned places.

WM. H. GRAHAM, is our AGENT, in the City of New York.

LATEST NEWS!

PROSPECT OF PEACE.

M. Frossard, Correspondent of the Journal des Debats Delhi, late bearer of the Treaty from the Court of Queretaro, and Aurag in the Government, writes from the City of Mexico, that not a doubt is expressed among the Mexicans in regard to the ratification of the Treaty. He is of opinion that the vote in favor of it will be a very strong one. He says, however, that *"all the Treaty contains is some last from the United States amended, there is nothing of importance in the original draft of the Treaty which has been altered."* Should this be the case, we know what to expect: debate and delay, but final ratification.

FROM MEXICO.

A letter from Vera Cruz, dated March 6th, from a private in the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment, says, that companies A, D, F, H, K, and J, had come down with the Wing, and that the 2d Regiment had passes as far as Angel, under Major Bowman, Col. Wynkoop having remained at Jalapa with the rest of the Regiment.

A telegraphic communication a week or so ago, gave the rumor of a battle at El Paso, between eight hundred Americans, under Colonel Bulle, and four thousand Mexicans, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of eighty men. The Mexican Argus, recently received, says there is no confirmation of the news.

The Louisville Courier-No. 1 Appeal, of the 21st, states that a letter had been received there from Indianapolis, announcing the arrival of an express from Santa Fe, with the news of the defeat of Col. Bulle with a loss of eighty men.

FROM YUCATAN.

Dates from Campeachy to the 10th ultimo, have been received. The whole Spanish race in Yucatan is determined on exterminating the Indians, who are carrying fire and sword into the latter.

The terms of Archbishop and Lamadrid were declared against the sanction of the Mexican Congress on the early part of March, when the latter, forsaking all hope of being able to carry those plans, retired to Merida, the Capital, which, having two powerful parties there, will have extraordinary excitement.

Alliances of Merida, numbering thirty or forty thousand, held a meeting on the 10th, and declared Campeachy, praying him not to evacuate Isolem.

Com. Perry left. Calmon on the 10th ult., and sailed for Vera Cruz on the 11th.

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

Boston, April, 1848.

GENTLEMAN OF THE POST—Since my last epistle to you, we have had a succession of fine weather, sleighing, although moderate, events. Mr. Webster has spoken in the State House hall, the Carolina has gone in search of the "right" to carry the Queen King had been rescued from his thraldom. His Majesty, Frederick Augustus, is probably a dozen grieving a political offence and stands, consequently, in the late laws which regulated the Kingdom of Saxony. Prince John, the king's brother, is deputy, to become one of the

Germany relieves Europe ment of a general war. Thereby superior conduct to neighboring a place of fear, and though his indeed institutions, can no doubt preserving the tranquillity of is more likely to endure for more

ceived from the manufacturing ing portion of the community. ments has again become dull. efinite prospect of improvement ufacturers are anxiously looking ring season. The present stock ers, notwithstanding, is effec- ear. The short time system o- ll, it is intended to lessen the dress continue without empty

LORRAINE—FLIGHTING IN M- ING VERMEY—ASSOCIATION of ing electric telegraphs between people of Lombardy, having re- ing the Austrians, and the Pied- ting was going on between the- military, when the accounts left- ed to the "Risorgimento" of the ing Government, and entitled with the announcement that ed to be "Constitutional" in- ter appear to grant a Constitution. the announcement and spent rejoicings. All the Italian ans, and at the departure of the ing on between the troops

announce the abdication of the There had been a fatal insur- students and tradesmen joined the

The financial measures of M ere, it was said, generally approved- ter than his last decree, creating ed to the amount of 80 millions ing the receipts to be re- specified value of the deposits-

the Provisional Government- ed to 45 francs and pay for- rent, unless

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The Rose Dudley, by Miss Sedgwick, is a literary confusion as engraving called "The New Yorker Court Journal," with other engravings of various kinds. The following is a list of the supposed edition of an old poem.

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The juvenile Jack Horner, did in Israel

Put in his thumb, and pull out plum and drew.

No looking carried he when he went to school,

But he could say his lesson and not know.

He landed not in Rome as modern monks,

And well had learned Most Profound and wise he

Was not, but he could tell where every plum grew,

And he seem possessed, in the corner.

Whether Jack was, following his age, white, I understand him correctly, he stated was beach, merry times were all. All the boys, and girls, and, at the departure of the Jack sprang on the corner the

With such male open gloating on the pie.

Which again was extended me to there

Jack Horner, and he was a good boy.

He left no token of the coming over

Sudden and he could not be seen and brown,

And he was not to be tongue be dared.

He loudly only not to be, and he was not.

Then into its recesses threw his thumb.

And drew, to please his taste, the nicely capped plum.

DOMEST AND SON. *Published by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.* The first number of this work, the characters of Solomon Gills, sole and beauty, and the death of Mr. Carker. The fate of Miss Nal, and the fate of a wretched young man spending our accounts in his gay manner, is we- ry clever Edinburgh Review, but was generally well beloved by those that knew him best.

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A small item of interest occurred in the bay a few days ago. A Mr. Hill, of the funeral city of Hill, which is now running to Boston. Mr. Hill, Neale, in the outside barber, fastened on, and finally found on the Boston side of Boston, about 7,500 lbs. Not so much massive nautical instru- ments are not of every day use, much less so, the agents would have to pay for the storage account for the storage deposit made in the ha- ven. Sometimes a ship is wrecked, and the accident of its being placed and left in the ends. The environs of Paris have been visited by two or three flying Dutchmen and bloody Poets moral maxims had got out their pens to found prize rules upon the subject, but the Academy of Moral Sciences cannot rest in the *Hartford Times*, and thus contributes to the literature being found in Robinson Crusoe.

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"Sure—sir, did you ever see a *braided* town ?"

"Not that I distinctly recollect," I responded.

"Well," said he, "I must look where there, there is a *braided* town!" It has not had a single new building erected in it for twenty-five years !"

Here in Boston the spirit of improvement has taken root, seems to be vastly popular, and if the past year, in erecting granite fronts of a colossal form, Boston will be indeed a granite city. The question is, how will they succeed in this city, and the old-fashioned houses of the Puritans will gradually fade away, and there are no vestiges left.

A slight indication of Spring is dawning upon us the glorious *Common* looks quite grassy, the youngsters are upon it, gambolling and cantering about the grass is springing up in tempo, as merry and lively as lambs. The Boston Common is some thing like a Common Square. The children, bless their little souls, are not prohibited walking or frolicking upon the grass, and otherwise enjoying themselves with the miniature country. The old elm tree is again budding, and his patriarchial and venerated crown will be dressed in his like verdure. With the old Bostonians, the old elm tree is a venerable institution, and they look upon it as a landmark in silence the busy proceedings of the world, as the continent, but like proud Salem, the Penn Twenty Tree, of Kensington, he will soon fall a victim to the scythe of time, which he has so long and so gloriously braved.

The season for salt baths is now approaching (whose delightful waters are invigorating, and they can be had warm, and cheap—only 12½ cents each—with a quantity of pure salt water) from the Atlantic Ocean.

The open prospect of Abbot Lawrence for the Mexican mission, to be the Vera Presidency, seems to please the old gentleman.

A monument was erected on the moving of Dr. Coolidge, the murderer of Mathews, from the jail to the Penitentiary, at Charlestown, which is a very romantic people, along the road, came out in groups to see the monster. The Sheriff believing it was not aware lastly that he would live upon the reward. The award passed off well for the Sheriff and the cry of the valiant Sheriff's shouting iron, and the Sheriff pressed forward to discover the monster.

Yours, FALCONBRIDGE.

Local Intelligence.

THE ROSINE ASSOCIATION

The Annual Meeting of this Association of ladies was held on Tuesday afternoon last, at which We are informed that several hundred were present, and that the most intense interest was evinced in the proceedings throughout.

A little pamphlet containing the Constitution of the Association, with the names of the Managers, has been handed to us. From it we ascertain that the Rosine Association has been in a very progress in its benevolent mission during the past year. Since the organization of the Society, seventy-five individuals have been under care of the managers, though they have not all been inmates of their house. Many of these have been restored to respectable families, four have been reduced to the condition of servants, and two, through the influence of the Board, has been married to the person who reduced her to ruin." There are now eight in the House, exclusive of the matron, and seven are becoming acquainted with reading, house-work, and sewing. The Rosine Association is a noble charity. The following are the conclusions arrived at by Messrs. Lee, Gray, and Wheeler, as to the quality of resource, and in direct opposition to the conclusion of Messrs. Mitchell and Jamieson:

1. The danger arising from the inhalation of chloroform depends very greatly on the presence of impurities, and especially of alcohol, in the liquid employed.

2. Such impurities are rarely more concentrated in the first portions of chloroform which come over in the distillation.

3. The danger arising from the inhalation of chloroform depends very greatly on the quantity of vapor inhaled, and on the proportion of atmospheric air with which it is mixed.

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10. Such conditions are rarely more concentrated in the first portions of chloroform which come over in the distillation.

11. The danger arising from the inhalation of chloroform depends very great

Selected Poetry.

THE HOLY LAND.

[We find the following rendition of a poem by Lamartine, the great French revolutionist, in the Journal Des Debats. The translation is by the distinguished poet Whittier. The poem was written by Lamartine on the eve of his departure for Palestine.]

I have not felt o'er some of mood
The swelling of the desert breeze;
Nor kneel at Hebron's flower set house
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;
Nor pushed my staff, at even fall,
On dear winter Job of old his bed,
Nor counted beneath its narrow roof
The frame of Jacob's star again.

One vast world-page remains unread
By whose pale shine my footsteps tread;
Holy midst the common pilgrim's tread,
Here bears the heart with God at night.
How round grey earth and solemn loss
The spirit of the old time broods,
And signs on all the winds which moan
Along the sandy solitude.

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the various voice,
Nor seen thy mighty stems go down
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.
The Christian's praise I have not sent
In Tabbor's temples of beauty,
Nor emitted with my desert tongue
The voice where Mercron's empire lay

Nor have I from thy hallowed tide,
Oh, Jordan! heard the low lament,
Like the sad wind along the side,
Which Israel's mournful Prophet sent!
Nor climbed that green-tent,
Where, deep in night, the Seed of Kings
Felt hands of few direct his own,
And sweep for God the unseen strings!

I have not climbed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay
And left His trace of tears, as yet
By sugar upon sorrow's way;
Nor wrestled at midnight's solemn time
The garden where His prayer and groan,
Vying by His sorrow and my crime
Rose to One listening ear alone!

I have not kissed the cold-hewn spot
Where to His Mother's arms He lay,
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last His footsteps pressed the clay;
Nor looked on that mysterious tomb
Nor sat on my sandal breast, whence rose
His arms to God the world His spread
And bowed His head to bless, and died!

Original Anecdotes.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO DE SAINT HILAIRE.

PRESENTATION OF THE EAGLE.

Whenever the Emperor granted favors or distinctions, such as grades, titles, decorations, or land, reason or expect some serious effect to be at hand. The most curious periods of a battle was the review of regiments recently arrived, or an address to the assembled troops. Napoleon's words always produced upon the soldiers a powerful effect. But among all the striking and dramatic ceremonies that occurred daily in camp during campaign, that of delivering the eagles to a new regiment was calculated to leave the most vivid impression on every mind.

On the day appointed for this solemnity, Napoleon was always present, even, to baptism, as it were, for the young soldiers, the colors of their country.

The regiment met very early in the morning, in the most brilliant order, at the place assigned it, near the general quarter; it formed in three sides of a column, the three fronts turned towards the centre—the fourth side left vacant, to be occupied by the general staff, and the Emperor's suite.

As soon as Napoleon arrived, the body of his officers formed at a single rank, while he moved forward alone, always mounted on one of his favorite bays. In this position, he was the more conspicuous; as the simplicity of his attire singularly contrasted with the brilliant uniforms, covered with gold and silver embroidery and decorations, of those who accompanied him.

After receiving the Emperor's orders, the Prince of Wagram, in his quality of Major-General, alighted, and taking the flag from its bearer rose, and forled it in presence of all the officers in line, from the colonel who occupied the right, to the lowest grade on the left.

Then, suddenly, the drum beat *aux champs*, and Berthier, receiving the eagle from the hands of the Major-General, advanced with it some steps towards the Emperor. Then Napoleon, taking off his glove, kissed before the flag, and laid his right hand upon the eagle; which, on a solemn and impressive voice, he pronounced the address :

"Soldiers! I entrust to you the French eagle! I confide it to your keeping upon occasions. It will be your guide—your rallying point. You swear never to abandon it—you swear to live and die for it—you swear to prefer death to the dishonor of seeing it snatched from your hands!"

"I swear it—all !" continued Napoleon, in a voice an loud and energetic, that it seemed the regiment, as it were, for the echoing response of the whole line of second men : "You swear ! "

The swords of the officers came in a confused flash; one fashioned about point through the hands.

"Yes ! you we swear it!

Berthier, plucing the eagle in the hands of the nearest bearer. The regiment seems in column, closes ranks, and defiles before Napoleon; whom the music resounds, and the banner floated about, a thousand times repeated, swelling along the line.—*Vieux d'Empereur.*"

On the same day, after the ceremony, the colonel carried his officers to dine; and a double ration of provisions and wine was served out to each man of the regiment. It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that by the close of the evening, three-fourths of the soldiers were drunk, and the remainder the next day; so many wounds and so many bruises had they given to the Emperor.

REWARDS OF MERIT.

It sometimes happened, during the drilling at parade, that single soldiers (after having obtained permission of their Colonel), stacked from the ranks, and advanced themselves directly to the Emperor—to ask advancement, or claim the cross of honor, when it had been promised to them.

On such occasions, the petitioner commenced with his left hand, putting the back of his right hand to his forehead :

"Sire ! I have deserved the decoration. "

"How ?" asked Napoleon, quickly.

Then the soldier would begin to relate, with all their details, accounts of the battles in which he had taken part—and in the heat one—the number of wounds he had received and so forth.

However, Napoleon would never allow him to finish; but, interrupting him suddenly, rejoined how long he had served—how many years he had passed as grade ? If the petitioner answered hastily and exaggerately, Napoleon called the chief of his battalion, and asked him on the spot for the true information. If the chief corroborated the soldier's account, he would speak a word to an aid-de-camp, and then, turning to the petitioner, "It is well, *mon brave*," he would say, " we will do justice."

And the bearer of a Knight of Honor had not long to be waited for.

But if, on the other hand, the Emperor judged the claim of the solicitor was not strong enough for him he would, the front discouraging him, answer to his request, with a friendly nod :—" It is well : we have time—we will see!"

THE OLD CAPTAIN.

On one occasion, an old sapeur, who had served in all the campaigns of the Revolution, and yet had never received the decoration, stepped forward from the ranks, and asked the Emperor for the cross :—adding, expressively, " Sire, it is due to me by his time."

Well, sapeur, let us not get angry ! I will see about it."

" Sire, you said so at the moment. Lord !" " And cannot be not, he exhibited his breast, all furrowed with scars.

"It is all seen," cried the Emperor, striving to master his emotion. "Prince de Neufchatel! the register of Knight of the Legion of Honor, to that brave officer!"

Two hours afterwards, the old Captain returned from Berthier as instructed to first. He hastened to the Prince's tent, and soon the brave old soldier re-seated at the right hand of the chief of the staff and. On opening his napkin, something fells to the ground. It is his figures of the Legion, which has already been prepared for him.

DOING MORE THAN HE INTENDED.

It was perhaps the complacency of George Cadoudal against Napoleon, in 1804, that incited the creation of the Empire. George, after being taken prisoner, and condemned, gained the night before his execution in prison; and in the morning, while awaiting the fatal moment, was in charge of the police department, entrusted Savary.

"I have done better, without waking it, than I even hoped. I brought to you Francis *King*—I have given her no *Empire*."

THE ANNIVERSARY OF ARCOLA.

On the Autumn morning, (it was the seventeenth of November) Napoleon was starting from the park of St. Cloud, for the hunting lodge of the Marshal Monceau, when a peasant woman, whose husband had just been conducted among his to the gallery, for highway robbery, threw herself under the horses of the carriage, where the Emperor sat with his grand lieutenant, and cried—

"Pardon ! pardon !"

Several times, already, had this woman come on the Emperor's path; and on the last occasion, struck with her violent words, she had given her petition, and made her give an account of her husband's affairs. She was the wife of a poor soldier of the Revolution, the frenzied sister of the fanatic, as the latter, all disheveled, called herself, and who had fired the pistol-shot, meant for the citizen Consul, at the Opera, deeply moved Napoleon; and he intended to finish the affair, but a man who had left upon a woman with so powerful an interest in him, could not leave such a generous qualities to distinguish him from other villains.

"Well," he exclaimed, "the danger of an indigent has this to it—that one is always obliged to regard I—*connoi*—."

The woman, now found had been prostrated for the last time by Napoleon, when, all at once, with her voice sunken nearly inarticulate, he addressed his grand lieutenant, who, during the scene, had not breathed a word.

" Tell me, Berthier—is not to-day the anniversary of the battle of Arcola ?"

"Yes, sire—I think that it is !"

"I myself am sure of it."

And a throng of memories and feelings combined over him, he continued—

"A pardon accorded in memory of a great victory! Berthier, the shall *connoi*—Mystery! Francs—I give her the pardon she implores !"

Wit and Humor.

SCRAPS FROM THE YANKEE BLADE.

MYSTERIOUS.—"I *assure*," exclaimed a green horn from the country, as he gazed at a sign board in Garden street, covered with mysterious hieroglyphics, "I *assure* you Girl, No. 17."

If allens have not they numbered the heroes and all the carts and wagons, but I never heard tell that they numbered the *mysterious gals* in this here city, either.

A SECRET MONEAGE.—"There," said an old lady, pointing to the sugar of a newly married pair, "there is a chemist, "you see what the principle of them love-matches is. Only see, they've got a feller by with a bottle to look 'em."

CRUEL.—An intelligent person once sent a notice, a waggish friend, copied the item into his own paper, and received in return his friend's marriage notice.

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The case was organized and a jury called to try the malatrix by special sessions.

The shooting was proved by the oath of the complainant, and the "people rested."

For the defence a young colored fellow was examined, who testified as follows: I live in White's town—knows the parties—in relation to hole ch-ser. Was present when Sam's dog found a black squirrel. Sam drawed up and fired, but de squirrel did not stir. Says he "George, if you'll go up and git de squirrel you may have um." George up ; powder is wet, you see, don't kill um." I has, sure, Sam, I has, and he has got de squirrel." So he climbs up de tree; berry high tree, and just as he was gone to git de squirrel, he jumped off in a hankuck tree was near his tree. Well, just as George was comin' down de tree, he met he charge from Sam's gun, which was just gwine up, and it hadn't hurted him extensively."

The jury found a verdict of "De reason why de charge was just gwine up, was, it was berry poor powder, and berry damp."

The defendant was acquitted.

ATTENTIVE INCIDENT.—Pope, the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art in general, and to the delicacies of terrapin in particular, sat down to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the absence of terrapin, which had been—a small turtle, and a boiled edgeless of beef.

"The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope: "I will come with the greatest pleasure," and come he did, and sat he did till he had eaten his fill of the beef, and then he rose to go home, and a hearer's of vexation, fit for an emperor, passed over his countenance, when he saw that the tray that had been laid for him, but he was hardly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a delicious slice, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, which, between the sobs, he managed to utter, "Gentlemen, I have been cruelly mistaken, and to be served in this manner."

INTERESTING TO BEER DRINKERS.—The Toronto Republican gives the following refreshing story, which we commend to the attention of those in the habit of "tipping the mug." A few days since, says that paper, a man went into a saloon on Yonge street, and in town and called for a tall pint of ale. The ale was brought to him in a large tumbler, and after he drank a little, and thinking it tasted rather queerly, ask the store-keeper if anything was the matter with his beer. The keeper was glad to see at next rate beer, just bought in Boston.

This satisfied the customer, and he swallowed the remainder of his beer. When he had got through, he remarked to the keeper that at the time of measure, he asked what it was, "I declare," said the shopkeeper, "I forgot to take out the *ounce of the last time I fished!*"

INGENUITY FOR THE PAST, AND SECURITY FOR THE FUTURE.—A fellow was arrested in New York for the theft of a watch, and on his trial, before the High Constable's Office, the police officer took from him two gold eagles and some silver—all the money he found in his pockets—and then put the watch and money in a box, and locked it up. "Why, what's this for" says the prisoner.

"Why," says the officer, "we are not quite satisfied with arresting you, you first take my money, and then place the handcuffs on you, to take your money," says the police officer, "to accidentally for the past and I put the handcuffs on you to secure you for the future."

UNEMBARRASSED.—A prisoner being brought up at a London police office, the following dialogue took place between him and the magistrate :

"How do you live ?" "Pretty well, sir; generally a little beef and pudding for dinner." "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread ?" "I beg your worship's pardon ; sometimes I get it at the baker's shop." "I mean how do you get your money ?" "Why, sir, may be as well as you please, sir; but I must have some gin first, and then I can tell you better." "Tolerable well. I thank you, sir, I hope you remember it well also."

Selected Articles.

BE BUSY.

BY MRS. ANNA L. ENGELLING.

I think of father Adam some two score o more ago,
For in want could be employ himself when he was first made to know.
And God was bounteous for him, and sluices so did not grudge,
And I'm sure he'd no occasion for the tortoise to take him a drudge.

But once was never decreed or ordained to be,
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The Secretary continued, "The Committee of Expression Union of Democracy in whimsical contrast to the Committee of Public Safety, which, in the spirit of the last, aiming to level up instead of levelling down, has proposed a decree to abolish the usual democracy comes about.

The Duke of Saint-Simonier, and other European travellers, Republican as well as Monarchial, tell many amusing anecdotes of American life, which are of the American *sentiment*, which is more or less unintelligible to all of them; and which it would almost impossible to get down to the comprehension of a European. The foreign monarchist finds it ridiculous to attempt to reason with the republicans; the foreign republican thinks the town relishes of aristocracy. They both forget that each of these drives a certain trade—a trade which, if the savagery must needs somewhere in every nation, and as one can deny that an American is a gentleman, a building part of it here, is, at least, entitled to a hearing as to what constitutes it. The European aristocrats of sovereignty who swear to a gentleman."

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" I am one of them !" said the New Yorker, with a bow to his customer.

CRUEL.—An intelligent person once sent a notice, a waggish friend, copied the item into his own paper, and received in return his friend's marriage notice.

☞ Of Deacon "Silver Shoes"—is called from his shoes, which are always bright as silver, to one of the Ephesian craftsmen, who, according to his reading, made silver shrines for Diana—was a worthy deacon of a church in an eastern town, and more famed for his piety than his erudition, and which probably accounted for the "Eagle" like flight. Once he had occasion to read a document from a sister church to the brethren of his own, relating to a brother's having left the church for clandestine manner, in doing which the brethren were astonished by learning that the person had left the church in a *conclusion* way.

DAMP POWDER.

Sam Johnson was brought up on a warrant this morning, on complaint of George Washington, who charged him with having counterfeit powder in his battery upon him with a gun.

The case was organized and a jury called to try the malatrix by special sessions.

The shooting was proved by the oath of the complainant, and the "people rested."

For the defence a young colored fellow was examined, who testified as follows: I live in White's town—knows the parties—in relation to hole ch-ser. Was present when Sam's dog found a black squirrel. Sam drawed up and fired, but de squirrel did not stir. Says he "George, if you'll go up and git de squirrel you may have um." George up ; powder is wet, you see, don't kill um." I has, sure, Sam, I has, and he has got de squirrel." So he climbs up de tree; berry high tree, and just as he was gone to git de squirrel, he jumped off in a hankuck tree was near his tree. Well, just as George was comin' down de tree, he met he charge from Sam's gun, which was just gwine up, and it hadn't hurted him extensively."

" The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope: " I will come with the greatest pleasure," and come he did, and sat he did till he had eaten his fill of the beef, and then he rose to go home, and a hearer's of vexation, fit for an emperor, passed over his countenance, when he saw that the tray that had been laid for him, but he was hardly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a delicious slice, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, which, between the sobs, he managed to utter, "Gentlemen, I have been cruelly mistaken, and to be served in this manner."

INGENUITY FOR THE PAST, AND SECURITY FOR THE FUTURE.—A fellow was arrested in New York for the theft of a watch, and on his trial, before the High Constable's Office, the police officer took from him two gold eagles and some silver—all the money he found in his pockets—and then put the watch and money in a box, and locked it up. "Why, what's this for" says the prisoner.

"Why," says the officer, "we are not quite satisfied with arresting you, you first take my money, and then place the handcuffs on you, to take your money," says the police officer, "to accidentally for the past and I put the handcuffs on you to secure you for the future."

UNEMBARRASSED.—A prisoner being brought up at a London police office, the following dialogue took place between him and the magistrate :

"How do you live ?" "Pretty well, sir; generally a little beef and pudding for dinner." "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread ?" "I beg your worship's pardon ; sometimes I get it at the baker's shop." "I mean how do you get your money ?" "Why, sir, may be as well as you please, sir; but I must have some gin first, and then I can tell you better." "Tolerable well. I thank you, sir, I hope you remember it well also."

THE WILL OF MR. ASTOR.

The Will is dated July 6, 1839, and has several codicils appended, dated from 1839 to 1843. The Astor House, Park Theatre, and other large pieces of real property, as mention is made, and they are understood to have been conveyed by deed to W. B. Astor some time since.

The Will has the following particulars of the Will :

" To my daughter Dorothea, wife of Walter Langdon, I give my household furniture, also the use of my house in Fifth Avenue, and the use and services of plate enjoyed, and also give to her for life, the income of the following stocks, debts and bonds, held by the trustees of the City of New York 500 shares Bank of America; 1,000 shares of the Merchants' Bank; 500 shares of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company; also the bonds and mortgages on Lispenard Place, occupied by her. On her death the whole to enure to her surviving sons.

" To John Jacob Astor Langdon, Elbin Astor Langdon, Louisa Langdon, Walter Langdon, Jr., Woodbridge Langdon, Cecilia Langdon and Eugene L. Langdon, children of my daughter Dorothea, I give the house on the east side of Lafayette Place, also all on the rear, extending to the Bowery, also my land between Chartres, Mortier and Bowery, and Houston and Kenmare River, being 7 lots, to them for life; and on their death to their children.

" To my grand-daughters, Sarah Rogers, I bequeath the property known as the City Hotel, Broadway, Cedar, Pearl and other streets, during the whole for life, to a decrease in fee to her children.

" To my daughter, Eliza, wife of Vincent Rumpff, I give the income of $20,000 Ohio stock, $50,000 Bank of America stock, $50,000 deposited in Life and Insurance Trust Co., 1,000 shares Merchants' Bank, and 500 shares Commercial Bank, and if I have to vacate in the United States, $50,000 more—the whole during her life, and, after her death, to her issue, by her present husband, and by the caution of Geneva, Switzerland, now occupied by her, and the lots on Eliza, &c., streets.

" To my grandson Charles Rumpff, the lot on the West side of Broadway, between Leonard and Franklin streets, containing 57 acres; also, the 31 lots owned by me in the block between Broadway, Varick, Beach and Downing streets; also, the interest of $115,; also a note for $2,000 to be repaid by him to his wife, and after him, his heirs.

" To my grandson, John Jacob Astor, Wm. Astor, and Henry Astor, sons of Wm. B. Astor, all my lands lying between Bloomingdale road, Hudson river, Fifty-first and Fifty-fourth streets, to be divided by commissioners to them to John Jr and one each to William and Henry, during their lives, and after them, to their issue; and if their father consider either of them, at any time undeserving, he can give the share and lands to others.

" I direct my executors to provide for my cadicils—three in number—to my wife, and to provide him all the comforts which his condition doth require, and to appropriate $1,000 a year for his support; and if he shall be restored (this son in intends) $100,000. In a codicil, Mr. A. appropriates $150,000 for the Astor Library, and in the Fourteenth street, now North Avenue, erected for the use of the public.

" To each of the four daughters of my deceased son, William, viz., George $25,000; to Emily $25,000; to Sarah $25,000; to his son Wm. H. $10,000; to Gen. Astor, Jr., $2,000; to the widow of my son, John, $2,000; to Mrs. Astor $2,000 during her life.

" To my niece, Sophia Astor, of Nimwood, Germany, I give $5,000; to my sister Catharine, wife of Peter Lorillard, $1,000; to my sister Margaret, $1,000; to the children of her daughter Maria, $6,000 to be equally divided among them.

" To the German Society of New York I give $30,000, on condition of their erecting in bond and Christie streets, a house for the purpose of carrying on office and giving advice and information to emigrants, and providing a temporary home, and for the purpose of protecting emigrants against fraud. (A codicil reduces the amount to $25,000, which is accepted by the Society.) To the Society of Emigrants, established in Boston, I give and bequeath $15,587 has been already advanced.)

" To the Female Association, for the respectable aged indigent females, I give $5,000, on condition that the Corporation of the City of New York agree to lease to them, the place of the widest Leonard, and applied to the objects of these Associations.

" To the rest, residuary and remainder of my real and personal estate, I give to my son Wm. B. Astor, in trust for the benefit of his children, viz., my service of new plate during his life, &c.

By a codicil, one-half the residuary personal estate to Wm. B. Astor, Jr., and the other half to the issue of the other half is made his conditionality.

By a codicil, power to his own use child he may judge proper to employ it in improving the residuary estate, and may borrow for expended of it, and direct shall belong to his children. By another codicil each of the daughters of W. B. A. is to have $25,000 in consideration of his estate. By a subsequent codicil modifies the so far that the income can be used for appropriation if he pleases. Indeed, the bequests to the children of W. B. A. are subject to the discretion of the trustees, and they in such proportions as he may see fit.

" To Columbia College $50,000 is given for a professorship of Languages, and $50,000 to the German Reformed Church, to which the legacy is subject to the use of the Rev. Dr. Berg, that is revoked, having been otherwise provided for. Other bequests, for the salaries of Professor, sent to that of Mrs. Langdon, to her for life, instead of to Charles Rumpff. It is to be no on the Rev. Dr. Berg's family and those to Dr. Langdon, and another gives to Mr. Brasted a lot on Eighth street.

" As to lands belonging to me, in connection with the Astor House, Park Theatre, my executors to make the necessary transfers.

" In relation to his brother's children, a codicil provides that to Mrs. Astor, Jr., $2,000 shall be paid; to Mrs. Astor, $3,000; to Mrs. Astor, $2,000; to his son, $50,000; to Mrs. Astor, $2,000; to Mrs. Astor, $2,000; to Mrs. Astor, $2